# The Weekly Museum.

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## HAMET *and* BERARD; *or,* *The three Thieves.*

THREE rogues in the vicinage of Lân, uniting the ingenuity of their talents, had for a conſiderable time put both Monks and Laymen under contribution.

As they were walking together one day in the wood of Lân, and talking of their ſeveral feats of dexterity, Hamet the eldeſt of the two brothers, eſpied a Magpie's neſt at the top of a lofty oak, and ſaw the mother fly into it. "Brother," ſaid he to Berard, "what ſhould you ſay to a perſon that ſhould propoſe to go and take the eggs from under that bird without diſturbing her?" "I ſhould tell him," anſwered the younger brother, "that he was a fool, and propoſed a thing entirely impoſſible."—"Obſerve me." This ſaid, he immediately climbs the tree. Having reached the neſt, he makes a hole underneath, receives ſoftly in his hand the eggs, as they ſlip through the opening, and brings them down, deſiring his companions to obſerve that not a ſingle egg was broken. "By my ſoul," cries Berard, "I muſt allow you to be an incomparable thief; but if you could go and replace the eggs under the mother, as quietly as you have taken them from her, we ſhould acknowledge you our maſter.

Hamet accepted the challange, and again mounts the tree; but his brother deſigned a trick upon him. The latter as ſoon as he ſees the other at a certain height, ſays to to Travers, "you have juſt been a witneſs to Hamet's dexterity; you ſhall ſee what I can do in the ſame way." He inſtantly climbs the tree, and follows his elder brother from branch to branch, and while the latter has his eyes fixed upon the neſt, entirely taken up with his deſign, and watching every motion of the bird, the ſlippery rogue looſens his trowſers, and brings them down as a ſignal of triumph. Hamet in the mean time contrives to replace all the eggs, and coming down looks for the praiſe due to ſo clever an exploit. "Oh, you only want to deceive us," ſaid Berard, bantering him, "I'll wager that you have concealed the eggs in your trowſers." The other looks, ſees that his trowſers are gone, and ſoon finds out the trick of his brother. "Excellent rogue," ſaid he, "to outwit another."

As for Travers, he was loſt in equal admiration of theſe two heroes, and could not determine which had the advantage. But he felt himſelf humbled at their ſuperiority, and piqued at not being able to contend with them, cried, "I renounce thieving forever. I have good ſtrong arms, and will return home and live with my wife, with the help of God I ſhall be able to procure a ſubſiſtence." He fulfilled his declaration, and returned to his village. His wife loved him, he became an honeſt man, and ſet himſelf to work with ſo much induſtry, that at the cloſe of a few months he had earned wherewithal to buy a hog. The animal was fatened at home; at Chriſtmas he killed it, and having hung it in the uſual way againſt the wall, he went into the fields.

The two brothers who had not ſeen him ſince their ſeparation, came at this very time to pay him a viſit. The wife was alone ſpinning. She told them that her huſband was juſt gone out, and that he would not return till night.

At night, when Travers returned, his wife told him of the viſit ſhe had received. "I was very much alarmed, (ſaid ſhe) at being alone with them; they had ſo ſuſpicious an appearance, that I did not venture to aſk either of their names or buſineſs. But they ſearched every corner with their eyes; I don't think a ſingle peg eſcaped their notice." "It muſt have been my two queer companions," cried Travers, in great trouble, "my hog is loſt, and I now heartily wiſh I had ſold it." "We ſtill have a reſource, (replied the wife) let us take down the pork, and hide it ſomewhere for the night. To-morrow morning you may conſider what is to be done." Travers adopted his wife's advice. He took down the pork, and laid it under the bread oven, at the oppoſite end of the room, after which he laid down but not with an eaſy mind.

Night being come, the two brothers came to accompliſh their project; and whilſt the eldeſt kept watch, Berard began to penetrate the wall in that part where he had ſeen the pork hanging. But he quickly perceived that nothing remained but the ſtring by which it was ſuſpended. "The bird is flown, ſaid he, and we have come too late." Travers, whom the dread of being robbed kept awake, thinking he heard a noiſe, awaked his wife, and ran to the oven to feel if the pork was ſafe, he found it there, but as he was apprehenſive alſo for his barn and ſtables, he determined to make the circuit of them, and went out armed with a hatchet. Berard who heard him go out, took the advantage of that opportunity to force open the door, and approaching the bed, and counterfeiting the voice of the huſband, "Mary, (ſaid he) the pork is removed from the wall, what have you done with it." "Don't you remember then that we put it under the oven, (anſwered the wife) what has fear turned your brain?" "No, no, I had only forgot—but ſtop I will ſecure it." In ſaying which he lifts it upon his ſhoulders and made off.

After having gone his rounds, and viſited carefully his doors, Travers returned to his chamber. "I have got a huſband, (ſaid the woman) who it muſt be confeſſed has got a curious head upon his ſhoulders, to forget one moment what he has done with his pork another." At theſe words Travers ſet up a cry. "I told you they would ſnea' it from me, it is gone and I ſhall never ſee it again." Yet as the thieves could not be gone far, he had ſtill ſome hopes of recovering it, and inſtantly ran after them.

Hamet went before to ſecure the way, and the brother, whoſe load was a conſiderable impediment, followed him at a ſmall diſtance. Travers ſoon came up with the latter, he ſaw him plainly, and recognized him. "You muſt be ſomewhat tired," ſaid he, aſſuming the voice of the elder brother, "give me the load, and let me take my turn."—Berard, who thought his brrother had been ſpeaking to him, gives Travers the pork, and walks on. But he had not proceeded one hundred yards, ere, to his great aſtoniſhment, he falls in with Hamet, "Zounds," cried he, "I have been enſnared. That rogue Travers has taken me in; but ſee if I cannot make amends for my folly."

He then ſtrips himſelf, and puts his ſhirt over his clothes, makes himſelf a kind of woman's cap, and in that trim runs as faſt as he can by another path to the houſe of Travers, whoſe arrival he waits for at the door. As he ſees him approaching, he comes appearing as his wife, to meet Travers, and aſks, with a feigned voice, whether he had recovered the pork. "Yes I have it," anſwered the huſband.—"Well give it to me, and run quickly to the ſtable, for I heard a noiſe there, and I fear they have broke in. Travers throws the carcaſe upon the others ſhoulders, and goes once more to make his round. But when he returns into the houſe, he is ſurpriſed to find his wife in bed crying, and half dead with fear. He then perceived that he had been cheated again.—Nevertheleſs he was determined not to give out, and, as if his honor were concerned in this adventure, he vowed not to give up the conteſt, till by ſome means or other he came off victorious.

He ſuſpected that the thieves this trip would not take the ſame road, but he knew the foreſt was the place they would make for, and accordingly went the neareſt way for it. They had, in fact, already got there, and in their triumphal eagerneſs to taſt the fruit of their dexterity, they had juſt lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to boil a piece of the meat. The wood was green and burned but indifferently, ſo that to make it blaze they were obliged to go and gather ſome dried leaves and rotten branches.

Travers, whom the light ſoon directed to the theives, takes the advantage of their diſtance from the fire. He ſtrips himſelf entirely naked, climbs the oak, and ſuſpends himſelf by one arm, in the poſition of one who had been hanged, and when he ſees the rogues returned, and buſy in blowing the fire, he roars out with a voice like thunder, "unhappy wretches, you will come to the ſame end with me." The two brothers in confuſion imagine they ſee and hear their father, and think of nothing but their eſcape. The other quickly ſnatches his clothes and his pork, returns in triumph to his wife, and gives her an account of his recent victory. She congratulates him with a kiſs on ſo bold and well executed a manœuvre. "Let us not flatter ourſelves with too much ſecurity, (ſaid he) theſe queer fellows are not far off, and ſo long as the pork ſubſiſts, I ſhall not think it out of danger. But boil ſome water, we will dreſs it, and if they return, we ſhell ſee what method they ſhall divine this time to get hold of it again." The one then made a fire, while the other divided the carcaſe, they put it piece by piece into the kettle. They both then ſeated themſelves to watch it, one on each ſide of the fire place.

But Travers who was almoſt exhauſted for want of reſt, and fatigued by the operations of the night, ſoon began to ſhew a propenſity to ſleep.—"Go and lay yourſelf down, (ſaid the wife) I will take care of the pot; all is faſtened, there is nothing to fear, and at all events if I ſhould hear a noiſe I will give you notice."

On this aſſurance he threw himſelf upon the bed in his clothes, and immediately fell faſt aſleep.—The wife continued for ſome time to watch the chaldron, but at laſt fell faſt aſleep.

In the mean time our thieves, after recovering from their alarm, had returned to the oak, but finding there neither pork, or man in chains, they eaſily unravelled the plot.

Before they undertook any thing, Berard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to ſee if the enemy were upon the guard. He ſaw upon the one hand Travers ſtretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, whoſe head nodded from ſide to ſide, with a ladle in one hand, while the pork was boiling in the chaldron. "They had a mind to ſave us the troble of dreſſing it, (ſaid Berard to his brother) and indeed it is the leaſt they could do, conſidering what trouble they have given us already. Be ſteady, and reſt aſſured I will help you to ſome of it." He then goes and cuts down a long pole, which he ſharpens at one end, with this pole he climbs up the roof, and letting it down through the chimney, he ſticks it into a piece of pork, and raiſes it up.

Travers at that inſtant happened to wake, he ſaw the manœuvre, and judged that with ſuch expert enenies peace was preferable to war. "Friend, (cried he) you have not done right in breaking through the roof of my houſe, and I have alſo been to blame in not inviting you to partake of the pork. Let us contend no longer for the ſuperiority in artifice, for it is a conteſt that would never end. But come down and let us feaſt together."

He went and opened the door for them, they ſat down at table together, and were heartily reconciled to each other.

*For the* WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## To JANE.

*Lr. the gall'd Jade winces our withers are unwrung.*
SHAKESPEARE.

AS I have not leiſure to anſwer JANE in rhyme, and as I know it would be impoſſible to equal her *ſuperlative nonſenſe*, I beg ſhe will accept of humble proſe—but hold *ſhe* did I ſay, I aſk pardon of my ſex in general, for one moment ſuppoſing their delicate minds could be capable of conceiving the *groſs* and *indecent* ideas, that drop from the pen of the perſon, who ſigns JANE, much leſs of writing them, the author is, I am certain, of the male gender: However, be this matter as it will, RUTH is ready and willing to oblige, particularly when requeſted in ſo elegant, and polite a manner, I therefore ſet about pointing out his or her inaccuracies with pleaſure: Firſt, I never knew that deuce was ſpelt duce till I met with that mode in JANE's works; but as ſhe is a perfect miſtreſs of the *vulgar tongue*, ſhe perhaps is right, I wrong, nor have I ever found, that *even* the poetical licence, extended to the contraction of monoſyllables; ſuch as *bro't* for brought, *tho'ts* for thoughts, &c. I do confeſs that ſin and thing do not chime well—yet ſure the rhyme is full as good as thy "at, and at't;" I alſo preſume that paper and wafer muſt jingle as well as

"Plague you,
"Fev'r'nd ague."

Now, in the name of plain ſenſe, what does *fev'r'nd* ſpell, what lingo is it? Our language admits of no ſuch abreviations—*is* and *ideas*, according to thee, makes a good rhyme, but in my opinion a vile bad one; no well inſtructed male or female, uſe the contractions which diſgrace thy literature. In fact, the errors in thy *deteſtable productions* are ſo thick ſown, that the "wit is like a grain of wheat hid in a buſhel of barley, we may ſearch all day ere we find it, and when found it is not worth the ſearch," and yet thou paſſeſt judgment without pity upon me, as if the Muſe breathed her ſacred inſpirations into thy breaſt alone; that thou art a genius I am ready at all times to declare, but 'tis the *Genius* of *Nonſenſe*; thou art a wretched blotter of paper, a miſerable poet-taſter, whoſe cenſure is the beſt commendation, for I ſhould be ſorry to write what thou wouldſt praiſe. When thou haſt cleared thy head of its filth and lumber, (which will be a more difficult labour to thee, than cleanſing the Augean ſtable was to Hercules) then, as I have done to thee, do thou aſſume the friendly office, and direct me to the place where my falſe grammar or ſpelling is to be found, or if thou canſt, where I have bad meaſure in my poetry, a fault every where to be found in thy doggerel rhymes—ſome lines ſeven, ſome nine, ſome ten feet long. Thou ſenſeleſs ſcribbler, inſtead of attempting to criticiſe, thou ſhould'ſt employ thy hours in ſtudying the rules of poetry, and no doubt thy wonderful wit, aided by cloſe application, may in the courſe of a few years qualify thee to indite Bellman's verſes, or ſome ſuch work of fancy and ſpirit—Rave on, vent all the envy and rancor of thy mind, abuſe my verſe and proſe as much as thou pleaſeſt, I have the ſupreme ſatisfaction of knowing, that it will live and be read, when thy abominable ſtuff is forgot and rotten in the temple of Clauſina, thou wilt never provoke another anſwer from RUTH, thy rhyme is too contemptible, beſides I am more merciful than to cruſh a butterfly to death, hadſt thou wit there would be pleaſure in a conteſt with thee, but, as Gay ſays, "to ſhoot at crows is powder thrown away."

*2d month* 25. RUTH.

*For the* WEEKLY MUSEUM.

*Mr.* HARRISSON,

*The following was written laſt week, on reading the beautiful lines to which it alludes, but ſuppreſſed, in expectation that ſome more worthy tribute would appear to the merit of the elegant author: As none ſuch have, however, appeared, I requeſt the favour of you to inſert this as the beſt teſtimony in my power of the impreſſions made upon my mind by the poliſhed pen of* JULIA.

## To JULIA.

IN Pleaſure's courts I've heard the ſong reſound,
The laugh briſk circling at the mirthful tale;
I've join'd the feſtive dance in ſprightly round,
And bade the vine-crown'd ſons of *Bacchus* hail.

Imperfect are the joys which mirth beſtows;
Soon the pall'd ſenſes feel a liſtleſs void;—
But when the tear at *Pity*'s mandate flows,
'Tis with a purer luxury enjoy'd.

And when the ſweeteſt ſtrains demand *that tear*;
When *Sorrow's* tale is grac'd by JULIA's lay,
The raptur'd ſoul is all alive to hear,
'Till in *delicious grief* it melts away.

The morning dew-drop gliſt'ning on the roſe
With new effulgence greets the penſive eye;
The breeze that o'er the bending lily blows
Bears ſweets collected on the paſſing ſigh.

Such is the tear that falls o'er JULIA's ſtrains;
And ſuch the ſigh o'er *Edwards* fate that breathes:
For theſe I'd quit the ſcenes where *Pleaſure* reigns,
Nor envy *Bacchus* all his feſtive wreaths.

Yet, if (as Nature's gentleſt muſe has ſung*)
"Thoſe who feel ſorrow moſt can paint it beſt;"
Far be the mournful theme from JULIA's tongue,
And far the ſad idea from her breaſt.

Tho' the ſweet numbers fineſt joys diſcloſe,
Thoſe joys were dearly gain'd, if gain'd by JULIA's woes.

February 28. LYCIDAS.

* *Charlotte Smith.*

*For the* WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## ELEGY.

OFT on the mountain's wild romantic ſwell,
And where the lily doth delight to hide,
By the lorn ſtream ſlow winding thro' the dell,
To view its whiteneſs in the cryſtal tide.

Intent I've watch'd the Sun's retiring blaze,
Gilding with beauteous tints the weſtern way,
While all reſplendent his declining rays,
Reflected crimſon on the cloſing day.

'Till came the penſive eve with ſilent tread,
And bath'd the fainting plants with ſilver dew;
Along the hills her lengthen'd ſhadows ſpread,
And o'er my head her duſky mantle drew.

Forth from my boſom burſt reflection's ſigh;
Paſs but a little ſpace returning morn,
Shall paint with roſy bluſhes all the ſky,
And add new fragrance to the ſcented thorn.

And you, ye buds, ſhall ſweeter, freſher blow,—
To-morrow's ſun your balmy tears ſhall dry;
Each flower that hangs its drooping head ſhall glow
With brighter beauty and a deeper dye.

Endleſs to-morrows over me ſhall riſe,
And on my breaſt the Sun his beams ſhall ſhed;
But ſorrow ſtill ſhall fill my ſtreaming eyes,
And dire affliction bow my wretched head.

The deſolating hand of withering Care,
Relentleſs binds me to her ſtern controul;
Deep in my heart is fix'd the fiend—Deſpair,
And torn's Content for ever from my ſoul.

*February* 26. JULIA.

## SCRAPS.

THE peace of a married life is like the chaſtity of her who has a right to poſſeſs it; the great value depends upon its being perfect and entire; and the pride, the pleaſure of remembering that it has never been attacked, is above all deſcription.

BENSERADE, the French Poet, met a gentleman, whom he had frequently rallied on the ſcore of matrimonial impotence.—Sir, ſays the man, in ſpite of all your ſarcaſms, my wife is delivered of two boys.—Dear friend, replies Benſerade, *the abilities of your wife I never diſputed.*

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft-times they great errata ſee;
Here ſometimes we a blot, there we eſpy
A leaf miſplac'd at leaſt a line awry:
If they are books, I wiſh that my wife were
An Almanack, to change her every year.

*The* FATE *of* PROSTITUTION.

THE beautiful, the generous, but unfortunate *Con. Philips*, early in the preſent century, after ſquandering away near a million of money, which ſhe had at different times received at the altar of pleaſure, followed a military officer to Jamaica, where ſhe died, about 20 years ſince a true penitent. She who beſtowed above an hundred thouſand pounds on her *Tartuffe*; ſhe who was once adored by all the gay and gallant youths of the Engliſh Court, and not without her admirers in this town, even in her decline, whoſe heart participated in the diſtreſs of others, and whoſe hand was ever extended to relieve the unfortunate, was, in old age, borne to the grave upon a bier by two negroes; ſhe whom a nation once followed, admired and praiſed, was committed to the earth in a foreign ſoil, without a friend to attend her remains, or a relation to lament her loſs.

## New-York, March 2.

The hon. House of Assembly of this state passed a resolution to adjourn on the 9th of March, which was sent to the Senate for concurrence.

A letter, received by a gentleman in this city, from Madras, mentions, that Capt. Bright, from this port, had arrived there, all well—and was to sail from thence for Calcutta, in two days.

Accounts from Boston mention, that a number of mercantile houses failed there last week.—One of the failures is said to amount to 14,000l.

By accounts from St. Domingo of the 21st Jan. we find, that very signal victories have been obtained against the insurgent negroes, from which it seems probable they will soon be entirely subdued.

A letter was received by a respectable merchant in this city, from his correspondent in London, dated Jan. 9, which mentions, that the prevalent report was, *the arrival of an express, that moment, from the National Convention of France, announcing, that* SENTENCE *was passed on* LOUIS, *which condemned him to* IMPRISONMENT *during the war, and* PERPETUAL BANISHMENT *thereafter——That the Convention should not contend about the* SCHELDT—*and that they were inclined to support the principles of profound friendship with the British Nation*

*Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, dated 30th December, to a gentleman in this city.*

"From the present state of things it is more than probable, before this comes to hand, that Britain has declared WAR against France. Our Parliament have prohibited the exportation of grain, of which they are in great want in France; it is also said here that Holland, Russia, and Prussia have done the same; if so, America will have full demand for her grain in France.

"A bill has also been passed by the Parliament prohibiting the exportation of military stores and arms, powder, salt-petre, &c. also, another bill prohibiting the exportation of naval stores of all sorts. Prohibitions to the same purpose have been issued out in Russia and Holland. There never was perhaps a better opportunity offered of a good market for what of these articles are produced or manufactured in America, than there is at present and will be for a long time in France. If the United States could procure, at two or three ports in France, the privilege of warehousing the produce of America, under the key and lock of the public, to wait for a market, either in France or else-where in Europe, they might often have the opportunity of getting the first highest price for their articles when they demand started in Europe; whereas at present the first highest prices are always gone before they can come from America.

"A vote for 25,000 seamen has passed the House of Commons; three guineas of bounty by the King and two guineas by the town, are offered for seamen to enlist. The carpenters never were so busy as they have been the two weeks bygone, fitting out ships of the line. To write you any news at present how things are going on in this country, would be improper as above thirty persons have been taken up by the sheriff, for speaking, writing, &c."

*Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia, from Canada, dated January 31, 1793.*

"The year commenced in this part of the globe with prospects that were unfavourable to the province. Some days since, a most horrid plot was discovered (through the goodness of divine Providence) which was to have been executed by a part of the Prince's regiment. They were to kill him, blow up the Magazine, and carry off the Military Chest towards Boston. The Magazine contained 4000 barrels of powder; so that the crime would have been increased by the destruction of the whole city of Quebec, and perhaps not even a person left to have told the horrid tale.—A general court Martial has been sitting for some days, but they can do little, for want of evidence. Twelve of the conspirators are bound hand and foot.—I leave you to conjecture the issue."

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Danville, dated January 27, to a member of Congress in Philadelphia.*

"The Indians continue troublesome on the South West of our settlements——they killed two men on their way to Cumberland, about the 17th of January; one was of the name of Overall, whom they scalped and cut every pound of flesh off his bones."

*Lancaster, Feb. 8.*—We are informed that the following melancholy instance of mortality took place in Rupert, in Vermont, on the 25th of January: The wife of Mr. William Barto, arose from her bed, between the hours of 11 & 12 at night, apparently in good health, having occasion to go into another room. Her husband was awakened by her groans, sprang from his bed, and went to her assistance; when he found her lying on a large body of live coals, her head on the back-log, and her knees on the forestick; her face, the right side of her head and body, the the right arm and shoulder, her throat and both breasts were burnt to a crust: Every attempt to preserve her life proved ineffectual. It is supposed that going to the fire to warm herself, she fainted and fell into it.

*Extract of a letter from Captain James Miller, of the barque Hope, dated Falmouth, the 4th and 14th of January.*

"Seven days previous to my arrival here, the three Frenchmen I shipped in Philadelphia mutinied, and attempted to throw me overboard, which they would have affected had it not been for the exertions of the apprentices, particularly William Bainbridge and Jacob Young, who did every thing in their power to save both me and the ship. I am under great obligaions to Captain Carson of the ship Industry, who took them from me and carried them to Havre-de-grace. I think it rather fortunate my having been detained here, as there are accounts of 119 sail of vessels being lost in the channel and North Seas owing to late and continued hard gales of wind; there are likewise 11 ships said to have been lost in the Elbe. I have lost an anchor and cable, and am obliged to replace them with new ones."

On Thursday the committee appointed by the Legislature, to canvass and estimate the votes, taken at the last election, for *Representatives in Congress*, finished their business, and have returned as duly elected, the following Gentlemen.

John Watts, from New-York district.—Thomas Tredwell, from the district of Long-Island.—Philip Van Cortlandt, from the district of Westchester and Richmond.—Peter VanGaasbeck from the district of Orange and Ulster.—Theodorus Bailey from the district of Dutchess.—Ezekil Gilbert from the district of Columbia.—Henry Glenn, from the District of Albany.—John J. Van Alens from the district of Rensselaer and Clinton.

James Gordon, from the district of Saratoga.—Silas Talbot, from the district of Montgomery, Otsego, Tioga, Herkimer and Ontario.

We are informed, that the late storm of rain, raised the streams in several parts of Connecticut to an unusual height. In Middletown three mill-dams were destroyed and two saw mills, one belonging to Gurdon Whitmore, and Co. the other to Stephen Miller, and Miller and Bidwell owned the other dam. The whole loss estimated at 1000l.

## MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

*Arrivals at this Port.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Ship Eliza, Mercer,* | *Liverpool,* | 42 *days* |
| *Sally, ——,* | *do.* | 41 *days* |
| *Union, Younger,* | *do.* | |
| *Brig Morning Stay, Kermit,* | *Amsterdam* | |
| *Polly, Potter,* | *Fayal* | |
| *Sarah and Polly, Storer,* | *Charleston* | |
| *Patty, Lovett,* | *Aux-Cayes* | |
| *Rebecca, Wilson,* | *Cape Francois* | |
| *Sloop Brothers, Walton,* | *New Providence* | |

*On the 25th Nov. Capt. Williams took from a wreck, the crew of a Brig bound from St. Eustatia to Boston.*

### MARRIED

*On Saturday last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr.* JOHN M'GOWAN, *to Miss* FANEY WELDON, *both of this City.*

### DIED

*On Saturday evening last, after a short illness, Mr. John Philip Miller, a respectable inhabitant of this city.*

*On Thursday last, Mr. Peter Byvanck, Merchant of this City.*

*Same Evening, in an advanced age, Mrs.* —— *Hunt, wife of Mr. Davis Hunt, of this City.*

VERITAS, EDMUND, *&c. will be attended to in our next. The piece addressed "To One particular Lady," requires an explanation before it can be inserted in the Museum.*


## THEATRE.

*By the* OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

*On* MONDAY, EVENING, *March 4, will be presented, a* COMEDY, *called,*

*The Child of Nature,*

*To which will be added, a* COMIC OPERA, *called*

The AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr. Faulkner at the Box-Office from 10 to 12 A M and on the days of performance, from 3 to 5, P M, where also Tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gain's Book Store, at the Bible, in Hanover-square.

The doors will be opened at a quarter of an hour after , and the curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter after 6.

Box 8s. Pit 6. Gallery 4s.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

*JUST ARRIVED,*

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

*Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Hussey,*

BEST *London Superfine* BROAD CLOTHS. *amongst which are very fashionable mixtures for sale by*

*CALEB HAVILAND,*

*Taylor, No 13, Golden Hill-street.*

*Who returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their custom; and now assures them and the public in general, that he is furnished with cloths and trimmings of a superiour quality, and is determined to sell them at as reasonable a rate as any person can afford in this city.*

*Also, Long India* NANKEENS, *of a superior quality.*

To Be Let from the first of May next, or entered on immediately.

**Two Rooms,**

Very pleasantly situated, with Conveniences suitable for a small family. Enquire of the Printer.

## *Court of Apollo.*

*The* CAN OF FLIP.

LIFE is checquer'd; toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
See the crew, in flannel jerkins,
Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
And, as they raise the tip
To their happy lip,
On the deck is heard no other sound,
But—prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick,
Prithee, Sam, prithee, Tom,
Let the cann go round.
Then hark to the boatswain's whistle! whistle!
Then hark to the boatswain's whistle! whistle!
Bustle, bustle, bustle, my boy;
Let us stir, let us toil;
But let's drink all the while,
For labour's the price of our joy,
For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces:
And, as they raise their notes
Through their rusty throats,
On the deck is heard no other sound, &c.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the crew their cares discarding
With hustle-cap or with chuck-farthing;
Still in a merry pin,
Let them lose or win,
On the deck is heard no other sound, &c.


Miss MARSCHALK, Milliner,
No. 3, WILLIAM STREET,
Has received per the Montgomery, Capt. Bunyan,
From LONDON,
An ELEGANT and NEW-FASHIONED ASSORTMENT OF MILLINARY, viz.

CAPS, hats and bonnets,
Emboss'd dresses and trimmings,
Do. York sashes,
White and coloured fringes,
Embroidered silk handkerchiefs,
Fringed do. do.
White and coloured tiffany do.
Elegant feathers and flowers,
Necklaces, ear-rings and beads for trimmings,
Ladies and gentlemen's watch-chains and trinkets,
Ladies and girl's beaver and dunstable hats,
White & fancy figured, & vellum sattins & modes,
Do. do. do. ribbons,
Elegant tamboured pocket books and wallets,
Morocco pocket books, thread cases and purses,
Ladies and girls Morocco sandals and slippers,
Do. do. elastic slips,
—LIKEWISE—
An elegant assortment of FRENCH MILLINARY.

☞ All orders in the MILLINARY LINE, thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch. 46—tf

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 13, Crown-street, where Bakers, Grocers and others, may be supplied at a short Notice, and on reasonable terms for Cash.
WILLIAM CARGILL.
*January* 12, 1793. 1 y.

TO BE SOLD.
THAT EXCELLENT SPRING,
Called, The TEA-WATER-PUMP.

WHICH has, for many years plentifully supplied this city, and the shipping in the harbor, with the best water ever found on this Island, together with two Houses and a Stable, with three large Lots of Ground. Also—A Lot of Ground, at the corner of Roosevelt and Banker streets; a good stand for a Grocery or Granary: And a House and Lot in Dyes-street. For conditions of sale, enquire of GERARDUS HARDENBROOK, next door to the Tea-Water-Pump, or WILLIAM C. THOMPSON, Parchment and Glove Manufacturer, No. 28, Dyes-street.

N. B. The Tea-Water-Pump will be sold at Public Auction on the 16th of March next, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the premises, if not sold at Privae Sale before.
New-York, Feb. 23, 1793. tf

ENGLISH CHEESE.

A Small quantity of ENGLISH, with the largest assortment of AMERICAN CHEESE, ever offered for sale in this city.
For sale by
BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK,
No 65, Water-street, 1 door East of Beekman-slip.
*Who have likewise*
LONDON BOTTLED PORTER.—SALT PETRE'D HAMS,
Malaga raisins in casks jars and boxes, Turkey figs, Prunes, anchovies, olives, capers, ketchup, &c. &c. with a general assortment of GROCERIES.
A few boxes GENUINE QUEBEC ESSENCE OF SPRUCE.
SEA STORES put up at the shortest notice, and the best manner. *tf.*
*New-York, February* 2, 1793.

American Manufactured
BLACK LEAD POTS,
Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.
Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by
GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.
N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by
WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.
No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman-slip,
Who has also for sale, a large assortment of
Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.
Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.
N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.

WANTED, two young girls to learn the stay making business; for particulars apply at No. 37, Broad-Way. tf

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,
THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,
which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.
*"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,*
*"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."*
In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire——Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/ each, and Children 1/ each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.) 18tf
*New-York, July* 20, 1792.

THE MAIL DILIGENCE,

FOR Philadelphia, will, after the 2d day of December, leave the house of Capt. Verdine Elsworth's, at Pawles Hook, at sunrise every morning, except Saturday and Sunday, and start every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Seats for this stage must be engaged at the office, in Broadway, the day before starting. Fare for a passenger, 4 dollars. 150 wt. of baggage, 4 dollars. Way passengers, 4 cents per mile. 14 wt. of baggage gratis.
JOHN N. CUMMING, & Co.
☞ Excellent Accommodations by Verdine Elsworth.
New-York, November 26, 1792.

*S. LOYD,*
STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowlegments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.
Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.
Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 1y.

*LIVERY STABLES.*

*THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but one to Mr. Goodevt's Tallow Chandlery, nearly opposite the Exchange, for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle & carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city.* *Wm. WELLS.*

An Apprentice Wanted,

TO a Genteel Business, from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connexions and of a good disposition, for further particulars enquire of the printer. 46—tf

PRINTING
In General, executed at this Office with neatness accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.